

Young Charlotte

[illegible]

O. C. B. R. E. D.

1872
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How fast said Charles the frozen snow is gathering on my brow When Charlotte said in
a feeble voice I am growing warmer now I was over the hills in the frosty air and in
the bright starlight until at length the village inn and the ballroom there was insight
They rode to the door and Charles jumped out and offered her his hand Why sit she then
like a monument which has no power to stand he asked her once he asked her twice she
answered not a word He asked her for her hand again But still she never stirred
He took her hand in his Oh God it was so hard as a stone He tore her mantle from her back
while the cold snuggled on her shone Then quickly to the lighted hall her lifeless form he bore
Young Charlotte was a stiffened corpse and never spoke no more.

He sat himself down while tears like mountains flow He said my dear and beloved one
no more of you I know He clasped her his arms about her neck and he kissed her forehead
And his thoughts went back to the spot where she said I am growing warmer now
Young Charles he took her in his sleigh and with her father home
And when he reached her fathers house Oh how her parents mourned
they mourned for the loss of their only child while Charles mourned for his bride
And in the graveyard soon they laid
here slumbering by her side

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